

# A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Brian slept all day, and at dinner time Margaret, pausing outside of his door and hearing no sound, fancied he must still be sleeping. But two hours later, when the loneliness and silence became oppressive, and the desire to see and talk to him could no longer be resisted, she put aside the book she had vainly tried to read, and going to his room, tapped on the door.

There was no answer, and she knocked more loudly. Still no answer. Becoming frightened, she tried the door. It opened to reveal an empty room. Brian was gone. She stood for a second motionless, trying to realize this fact, and then without a word or cry she went to her own room.

He was gone; that was all. It was easy to say it. Why should she mind so much? Had he really been home? Perhaps she had only dreamed, that eerie had talked with her, or that she had heard Brian's voice. Maybe if she should rub her eyes very hard she would awaken presently to find herself back at Elmwood, and these last two months a horrible dream.

"We should never despair except in the face of positive defeat," Wilson had once said to her. "Wasn't this positive defeat? Could she see hope beyond it? Was the long, hard struggle and the bitter travail of spirit through which she had passed to avail her nothing? Ah, heaven would be more kind."

This thought brought a certain hope and trust with it. And she could think quite calmly of the hopes and longings which had filled her heart when she married Brian; of the unfulfilled dreams and ambitions which had become a part of her life, and her vague ideas of those wife duties and attentions which were to win him back from a life of indolence to a position high and honored before the world. They had been in vain. All in vain.

She tried to put aside the overpowering regret this knowledge brought her. She would forget it. She would sit here no longer. The window was open and she was cold and chilled. Besides, she had—what? A step. Yes, a step, and thank God, she recognized it.

Without a second's hesitation she left the room, and when Brian entered the hall outside he found her standing like an apparition in the dim, uncertain moonlight.

He started back, but it was too late to avoid her. Yet even in that moment of supreme agony he saw that her white, pained face held no anger, no reproach, only the unutterable sadness of one who has hoped so much and been disappointed.

"You!" he said, motioning her from him with a hand whose trembling he vainly endeavored to control. "You! What can describe the shame, the misery and despair that simple word held."

"Have you come to add the last drop to my cup of bitterness?" he continued rather huskily. "Ah, you turn your face away. I am beneath even your notice. Why did I come home to-night?"

"Because you still have a little feeling for me," she answered, in a voice that was full of tears. "I can't bear too much."

"Some little feeling for her," he reflected. "My God, have I shown much feeling for her? Yet I touched nothing to-day—nothing since this morning."

"Why did you go out?" she asked, leaning rather heavily against the door, though she was conscious of much relief at his assurance.

"To forget, Margaret, to forget myself—to forget you. Here every memory haunted me. I must have died had I staid in that room one hour longer. I have walked and walked. My body is weary, but my mind is active. It is a living furnace of bitter agony. It tortures me. I cannot escape—"

"From your better nature. No, Brian. Thank God, you cannot escape from your better nature. It is the thought of the man you might be which tortures you. Oh, Brian, Brian! Where is your promise?"

He laughed unsteadily. A meaningless laugh which jarred upon her.

"You see, it is worse than useless," he returned, recklessly. "I'm too worthless to waste one thought upon. I have broken your heart and ruined your life, Bertie says. Why don't you hate me! Why don't you strike me as I stand here a villain and a coward."

"Ah, no," she cried, raising her hand to her face. "Not that weak and unfortunate, but with heaven's help a man." He grasped the door for support. Her gentleness unnerved him. Contempt would have found him stronger.

"What can I say, Margaret?" he asked, looking in her fading all your kindness and all your sympathy. The worst animal on earth never felt greater misery and degradation. I was sure you would never trust me again. Sure that you would dread to look upon my face. I could see no hope. And when went into that accursed place they seemed so happy. The wine was there bringing forgetfulness, to drown my misery. It was before my eyes. Close my hand. Yet I did not drink. A thought of you, like the last straw to a sinking man, held me back. I pushed from me. Though I saw heaven in depths and hell in my own mind, when Wilson came and I—"

He could go no farther, emotion overpowered him. Margaret's own eyes

filled with tears, and impulsively she placed her hand in his.

"Poor Brian," she said very softly. "It has been very hard for you. I never knew how hard until now. To-night has marked your first victory, and after this you shall not fight alone. No matter how rough the path may be, no matter how often you may stumble, I know the time must come when you will stand strong and firm. It is this belief which keeps my faith and courage so warm within me. And until that time does come, I always want you to remember that my hand is over in yours, and, side by side, we will meet and overcome all that is hard to you. Through better and through worse, always together. Don't, Brian; it pains me to see you give way so. We will only be giving mutual help. You shall lean on me, as I shall often lean on you. I have had so many hopes and ambitions for you. So if you will insist on magnifying my simple duty into such generous proportions, I shall expect my reward in my own way. I can say no more to-night; I feel so utterly weary. To-morrow I will have more to tell you. Only keep your courage strong, and remember that my desire to help you is above every other."

"May God make me strong, Margaret, to be worthy of your faith. In his presence and in yours I solemnly pledge my word that the day shall come when you will see in me something higher and better than the weak creature I am to-night. I can say no more than that. Words are powerless to express my thoughts. I can only feel."

"And I can understand," she returned, with tremulous lips, "I can hold my hand to you now and say: 'There is only faith and trust between us.'"

Alone in his room. Alone with feelings and emotions which filled his heart to overflowing, Brian went over every word of this conversation, and in the fresh strength and courage which had come to him he repeated his pledge.

Then his mind passed in review the events of the evening. He remembered that when he could no longer bear the tide of bitter, remorseful thoughts which surged over him he had found his way to his old haunts with the almost overwhelming desire to seek oblivion in the usual way. How Wilson had found him and drawn him away from the temptation that had well nigh conquered him. They had walked for a long time in the fresh, cool night, and while Wilson talked in the kind, confidential manner he had so often used in their student days, Brian had felt himself overpowered by a rush of feeling, and he had longed with intense longing for something of the noble personality of the man beside him.

"You have saved me from myself," he had cried under the impulse of the moment. "I thank you, not for my sake, but for hers. Men who are strong like you seldom pity men who are weak like me. I have fallen without the breastworks. Shall I ever find safety?"

And Wilson had answered, just as he often answered in those old days, when he had promised such rich fruition for Brian's many talents:

"There is safety for you in strength of purpose and determination of endeavor, and safety," he had added in a lower tone, "in the faith and trust of a loyal wife. Think of her and be strong."

CHAPTER XIX.

MARGARET SEES SOME SUNLIGHT.

"I think the clouds must be rolling by," Margaret said to herself one morning.

Brian had just told her of his talk with Wilson, and of the latter's promise to help him in every possible way. And as if this was not enough there was her long delightful letter from Miss Hilton, and the promise it held, that this dear old friend would be with her soon. Only a short visit—five or six days at most—yet the prospect of even that made her so happy that she could scarcely speak of it to Brian. The happy moment arrived at last, when she took into the dear brown eyes and kissed the smooth cheek, which was still so round and rosy. She could only let her tears fall, and feel how sweet it was to lean once more upon that true and tender love.

"It is so nice to have you, so very nice to have you," she cried, in glad tones, as she divested Miss Hilton of bonnet and wraps, and made her take the great arm-chair. "So like the old times. I am going to sit on this low stool by you and stroke your hand just as I used to do. Do you remember how you used to like me to stroke your hand, Ah, I have missed those times, Miss Hilton. You cannot guess how I have missed them, even at Elmwood; but here a thousand times more."

"What a delightful little home you have," answered Miss Hilton, allowing her eyes to travel about the room in an effort not to see the expression of pain which had accompanied Margaret's words. "I am charmed."

"Are you? I am so glad. I think it rather nice, too, though at first it did seem rather small. Now I have become accustomed to it, and we are doing nicely. Nora and Nanny are both with me. They both like New York better than I do. I fear I am lacking in appreciation, but—"

"No, I'll not tell you any more of that. I have really made a great many friends here. I find the people very nice and pleasant."

"I am pleased to hear it, Margaret. I never doubted your faculty for winning love. You are happy, too, I hope."

Margaret continued to stroke the hand that rested on hers, but she found it impossible to raise her eyes, and the earnest question only won an evasive answer:

"I am contented now."

Miss Hilton was a keen observer, and Margaret's reply did not satisfy her, but she answered with apparent readiness:

"I am glad for even that much. I fear you have not trusted me implicitly. I think there has been some heartache, or your letters were not true barometers of your feelings. Some were very hopeful; others despondent. Often I feared you were breaking down, and then I wished to borrow wings and come to you."

"Ah, if you only had," faltered Margaret, burying her head in Miss Hilton's lap. "You were so kind to want to do so. It has been heartache, so much heartache. I could not tell you. It was too bitter to put on paper. Yet I knew you would read between the lines, that you would see and understand. And I felt sure of your sympathy—always so full of that. If all had fallen from me I believed I should still have you."

Sometimes I was tempted to ask you to come just for a little while. Then I reflected you might find it hard or impossible, and so I always put the wish aside."

"Your letters would have brought me, Margaret. Absence has not lessened my love for you. I want you to feel that it is always with you, though I may be far away. I was very much surprised when you told me you were leaving Elmwood. I felt that Brian was at the bottom of your reason, and I begged heaven to bless my brave girl. I am so happy to hear of Brian's improvement. Industry is certainly a concession for him."

"I always hoped for something better," Margaret returned, wondering why she should make her words apologetic. "Then, besides, he is my husband, and there is less a question of personal feeling than of wifely duty. There's duty again. I am growing to detest the word. I—Oh, Miss Hilton, you are tired. How thoughtless I am. In my selfishness I've quite forgotten what a journey you've had. Come; you shall go right to your room. Then I shall bring you a cup of tea, and you must rest until Brian comes. He will be delighted to see you."

When Brian returned that night he found Miss Hilton installed in his particular chair.

"Don't be jealous," laughed Margaret, after the warm greetings were over. "I gave Miss Hilton your chair because she is a visitor, and must enjoy all the privileges."

"On the principle of 'The poor you have always with you,' I suppose."

"Don't quote Scripture so lightly, you thoughtless boy," said Miss Hilton, with a smile. "I have been hearing some good accounts of you."

"I know who to thank for that," returned Brian, with a grateful glance at Margaret. "How long have you been here discussing me?"

"I have been here since early this afternoon, but we discussed other subjects besides you, sir. Margaret has been telling me a budget of news, and I have been admiring this delightful little home."

"All Margaret's taste," was Brian's reply. "I tell you, Miss Hilton, she is—"

"Won't you come to dinner, please?" interrupted Margaret at this point. "You'll find that a much more interesting subject for discussion."

When Brian returned home next evening he found Miss Hilton alone.

"We have spent the afternoon in shopping," she explained, "and the experience proved too much for Margaret, so I sent her away to rest before dinner. She will be in presently, and meantime, you must put up with my company."

"I am not displeased at the prospect," he responded, lightly, though an anxious expression settled over his face. "I am becoming seriously worried about Margaret," he added, more gravely. "Don't you think she is looking rather ill?"

"She doesn't seem particularly well. I fear she finds this spring weather trying. Her case is not difficult to diagnose, however, and the medicine she most requires is—Elmwood."

The old lady gave Brian a searching look as she gave expression to this opinion. He bore it without flinching and answered with scarcely a moment's hesitation:

"You are right. I have thought the same. She shall go to Elmwood as soon as possible."

Miss Hilton shook her head, with thoughtful gravity.

"That won't do, Brian. Such a half-way method would be as effective as taking only one part of a sedative. You must see this in its proper light, my dear boy. Margaret should not make all the sacrifices."

"She shall make no more," was the impulsive answer. "I see it all now. When she goes to Elmwood I go with her."

"To stay, I hope. Otherwise—"

"Yes, Miss Hilton, to stay. I have been sufficiently neglectful and brutal. Now I have turned over a new leaf, and I am determined that my future shall be worthy of her husband. I have much to make up."

"Now I recognize the real Brian," answered Miss Hilton, with smiling eyes. "I have always been confident that he would show himself some day. I am very glad to see him."

"If he lives at all," returned Brian, with unusual feeling, "it is to Margaret's credit. Her trust gave him life, and her influence led him on. As you cannot understand the depths to which I had sunk, neither can you realize to what extent she has proved my salvation. Had her nature been less noble, less generous, less pure than it is, I could not love her as I do, and—here she is to hear me say so."

"And to thank you for such sweet words," added Margaret. "Brian, have you been home very long? I thought I should be here before you came, but my eyes would not stay open, and the time went so fast."

"If you are rested I sha'n't regret it," returned Brian, drawing her unresistingly to the chair beside him. "I am glad those refractory eyes compelled your obedience, even though they deprived me of your company. In your absence Miss Hilton has made herself vastly entertaining. We have been exchanging ideas. See how she lies back in my chair, which she takes without the least compunction, and smiles at something I have told her. I wonder if it won't make you smile, too. We will try the experiment after dinner."

But after dinner Wilson made his appearance, and Margaret forgot all else in her effort that he and Miss Hilton should have ample opportunity to see and admire each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mortuary Customs.

The Guatuso Indians of Central America live in considerable numbers in a single hut, and the village visited comprised about fifteen huts. The dead are buried in the habitations, and the earth covering the graves settles until it is about a foot below the surface of the floor. As time goes on the graves become less distinct, and finally they are completely obliterated. When a person dies the relatives wall aloud, crying "I am distressed." When a warrior is buried his body is provided with certain feathers of two curassows, a bunch being placed in each hand, and for some time after death cacao is placed upon the grave, in order that the departed warrior may be supplied with drink.

A dog differs from a swell, for there are no creases in the canine's pants.

## TWO COLLISIONS; FIVE DEAD.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TRAINS CRASH INTO EACH OTHER.

#### A MISUNDERSTANDING OF ORDERS.

Besides Those Killed, a Large Number of People Were Injured, Some of Them, It Is Thought, Fatally.

A Chicago special says: Five persons were killed outright and about thirty injured in two collisions Wednesday morning—one on the Chicago and Northwestern, and the other on the Vandalia railroad. Both accidents happened to trains carrying Christian Endeavor people to San Francisco.

The first accident was to No. 11, on the Vandalia railroad, which left Indianapolis Tuesday evening, containing a large number of Christian Endeavorers, which collided with train No. 6, bound east from St. Louis at 8:20 o'clock, near Vandalia.

The killed were: R. T. Sherman, mail clerk on No. 11, Indianapolis. W. P. Coon, baggagemaster, 326 East Louisiana street, Indianapolis, No. 11.

Fatally injured: Samuel Parkinson, mail clerk, of Columbus, O., crushed in the wreck. Frank Owens, fireman, of Terre Haute, mangled under the engine.

Train No. 11 left Indianapolis in two sections on account of the heavy San Francisco travel occasioned by the national meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society. Orders were given to meet No. 1 the east bound passenger train, at Vandalia, these two trains being due to meet at that place about 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

From the information at hand it is claimed that the accident was due to the crew of the special train misunderstanding orders.

Accident in West Chicago.

The accident on the Chicago & Northwestern occurred at 12:45 a. m. The colliding trains were sections Nos. 4 and 5 of a Christian Endeavor special sent out in nine sections beginning at 10:30 p. m. Section No. 5 ran into section No. 4, which left Chicago fifteen minutes ahead of it. Section No. 4 carried the Wisconsin delegates, nearly 500 strong, and in the rear sleeper were people from Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Appleton and other Wisconsin cities.

Section No. 4 had come to a stop just out of west Chicago, where the freight line diverges from the main line. Section No. 5 came up behind with great speed and the shock of the collision was terrific. The passengers in the two rear sleepers of section No. 4 were all in their berths. Those who were not killed outright awoke to find themselves jammed in the wreckage.

Passengers on both trains hastened to the spot and began the work of rescue.

The body of an unidentified man, that of a tramp, was found between the baggage car and the engine. The man had been crushed to death.

Men and women could be seen struggling to extricate themselves from the wreckage.

An immediate call for help was made on every point within reaching distance. Chicago was notified and asked to send physicians at once, and medical help was requested from Geneva, Wheaton and Aurora.

The engine of section No. 5 struck the rear of the sleeper of section No. 4 with terrific force. The engine was totally wrecked. The rear sleeper of section No. 4 was driven with terrific force upon the second sleeper, and such was its impetus that it crashed through it as if it had been a cardboard box and reduced it to a mass of wreckage.

Those killed in this accident were: John Gooding and Mrs. R. Shipman, Appleton, Wis.; unidentified man riding between engine and baggage car, supposed to be a tramp.

VESSELS COLLIDE.

One Sinks and Fourteen of Her Crew Drowned.

Advices from Constantinople state that a collision took place in the Dardanelles Wednesday between the German vessels Rembeck and Berthilde. The former sank almost immediately and fourteen of her crew were drowned.

DECISION CAUSED TROUBLE.

A Tacoma, Wash., Bank Forced Into Hands of Receiver.

The Union Bank, Savings and Trust Company of Tacoma, Wash., has closed its doors and gone into the hands of a receiver as a direct result of the recent supreme court decision claiming a large amount of city warrants to be illegal. Judge Williams appointed Charles Richardson to the charge.

The bank was organized in February, 1891, with the late General William Sprague as president. It owns \$155,000 of the Tacoma general fund warrants, the validity of which was thrown into question by the supreme court decision.

EN ROUTE TO LONDON.

United States Monetary Commission Has Left Paris—Negotiations Satisfactory.

The United States monetary commission, headed by Senator Edward Wolcott, of Colorado, started from Paris Friday for London.

The commissioners express themselves as being well satisfied with the result of their negotiations in the French capital and the general outlook.

## MISSING MAN SHOWS UP.

Four of His Neighbors Were In Jail Charged With His Murder.

On April 25th last Morgan Olliff, who lived near Statesboro, Ga., disappeared, and although a most diligent search was made by his relatives and friends, he could not be found.

Some time after Olliff disappeared a dead body was found in the woods near the town in a bad state of decomposition, and at first no one could tell who it was.

When the mystery was at its height, some one suggested that it was Olliff, and almost as soon as the suggestion was made, a dozen people quickly identified it as the missing man.

How the identification was made, no one now seems to know, as the same man who identified it, had seen the body before without even a thought that they were looking at the remains of Olliff. It was finally accepted as the body of the missing man, and preparations were made for its burial.

But while these preparations were going on an anxiety developed to know how the man had met his death. Some one suggested that there had been an old grudge against Olliff by M. C. Barnes, Conley Barnes, C. I. Howell and Wesley Waters. Then it was not long before some one volunteered the theory that these four men had killed Olliff and left the body where it was found.

The theory quickly evolved into a declaration, and the four men were arrested, charged with the murder. They all denied knowing anything about Olliff's death, but like every one about the community, they accepted the dead body for the one of the man they were charged with killing.

Upon the arrest of the quartet the sheriff placed them in jail. Warrants were sworn out against them and they were given a preliminary trial. The investigation was thorough and complete, and a strong case was made out against all four of the men, despite their emphatic denial of the charge. They were refused bail and sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury, and in jail they have been awaiting the coming term of court for a trial, with everything pointing to a conviction of murder.

Tuesday morning Morgan Olliff, the supposed dead man, walked into town and seeking the sheriff, informed him that he had just heard that four men—men whom he had known—were in jail charged with murdering him.

It did not take the people long to ascertain that it was really Olliff who was talking to them and quite a crowd gathered about the sheriff asking him to open the jail doors and let the four men out, which was done without delay.

Olliff declined to talk about himself further than to say he had just heard in his new home that the four men were in jail, charged with killing him, and that he merely visited Statesboro to keep innocent people from being hanged.

The people are now wondering who the man was they buried for Olliff. That man was evidently the victim of an assassin's gun and near the body was heard shots by some people before the body was found, the time being fixed near the date upon which Olliff disappeared.

MACHINES NOT IN THIS.

Hand Composition Only to Be Employed in Kansas State Work.

J. S. Sparks, state printer-elect of Kansas, announces that the use of typesetting machines will be abolished in the state printing office with the beginning of his administration.

During the last session of the legislature the printers made a strong effort to secure the passage of a bill prohibiting the use of machines in the state office. In this they were unsuccessful, but they did succeed in having attached to the appropriation bill a rider which provides that the state printer shall receive but 10 cents per 1,000 ems for machine work.

It is claimed that at this rate the machines cannot be operated except at a loss and as a result they will be thrown out and the state will pay from 30 to 40 cents per 1,000 for hand composition.

Annexation Bill in House.

Representative King of Utah, has introduced in the house a bill identical with that introduced by Senator Morgan in the senate providing for the annexation of Hawaii under the conditions of the treaty negotiated by the president.

STRUCK A COWARD'S BLOW.

Officer On the Battleship Indiana Murdered By a Seaman.

Thomas J. Kenny, master-at-arms of the battleship Indiana, was murdered Wednesday night on board the ship as it lay at its moorings at the Brooklyn navy yard.

The murderer, Philip Carter, walked up to him and without a word of warning plunged a bayonet blade up to its hilt in his back.

Kenny was a popular man, although a strict disciplinarian. He had caused Carter to be reprimanded for some breach and this led to the murder.

CASHIER SUICIDED.

He Was Notified That His Accounts Would Be Examined.

Isaac Norton, cashier of the United States internal revenue department in San Francisco, has committed suicide with carbolic acid. He had been notified by Revenue Collector Wilburn that his accounts were to be examined in consequence of the succession of Captain Thrasher as special agent of the department.

He was under bond for \$20,000 with the National Surety company, of Kansas, and the collector says that if there is any shortage it cannot amount to more than \$5,000 to \$6,000.

## THE JURY COULD NOT AGREE.

### STOOD TEN TO TWO IN AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY CASE.

#### EIGHTEEN BALLOTS BUT NO RESULT

Olcott Is Anxious For a New Trial at Once, While the Matter Is Fresh in the Public Mind.

The jury in the conspiracy case of the American Tobacco Company, which has been on trial before Judge Fitzgerald in the court of general sessions, at New York, failed to agree.

Although no verdict for the prosecution was rendered, a disagreement is nevertheless regarded by District Attorney Olcott as a victory for the people.

The jury had been out fifteen hours when they came in and informed the court that they were unable to agree. It was decided that it would be useless to lock them up again and they were discharged.

It was learned that eighteen ballots had been taken within twelve hours and the vote stood ten for conviction and two for acquittal.

The jurors who held out for acquittal were Hobart C. Fash and Foster Milliken. During the morning Juror Binase became ill and was permitted to consult a physician. The doctor declared that the juror was in danger of an apoplectic stroke and advised him to get out of the courthouse as soon as possible. The juror, however, was determined to fight for a conviction and would not hurry matters.

District Attorney Olcott said that if it were not for the fact that all bail cases had gone over until the fall he would have moved for a new trial on Monday next.

"When a jury stands ten for conviction and two for acquittal, the people," he said, "are entitled to a decision on the law while the matter is still fresh in their minds."

## SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

New Industries Established in the South During the Past Week.

Despite the hot weather during the past week business in all lines shows increasing activity and indications are favorable, judging from reports from southern manufacturers and dealers, for continued improvement.

The movement in textile goods is better than was expected at this season and the demand for lumber shows a healthy increase from week to week.

The iron and steel market is stronger. Pig iron is moving freely and prices are better, the tendency still upward. The demand for southern iron is active and operators report a better business and more favorable conditions than for many months.

Among the most important new industries reported for the week are the following: A \$10,000 electric light plant at Mannington, W. Va., and others at Eastman, Ga., and Columbus and Jackson, Miss. A flouring mill at Blacksburg, Va.; an ice factory at Sistersville, W. Va.; machine shops at Macon, Ga.; the Texas Gas Light and Heating Co., capital \$10,000, Houston, Tex.; the Lynchburg Light and Heat Co., capital \$100,000, Lynchburg, Va.; the J. J. Wright Co., capital \$20,000, at Norfolk, Va.; an oil mill at Rome, Ga., and wood-working plants at Huntsville, Ala.; Chattanooga and Wilmington, N. C.—Tradesman (Chattanooga, Tenn.).

## A BOLT BY BOISE.

Ex-Governor of Iowa Renounces Free Coinage of Silver at 16 to 1.

A special from Des Moines, Ia., says: Horace Boise, ex-governor of Iowa and former presidential candidate, has created a sensation by writing a letter in which he practically renounces free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The letter is 4,000 words long and was written for the campaign book of D. M. Fox, of Des Moines. The article was given to the press by Colonel Fox,